Nothing Gold Can Stay

*By Robert Frost*

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,

So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

Composition date is unknown - the above date represents the

first publication date. The lyrical form of this poem is couplets.

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